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A Lecture Delivered Last Evening at National Hall, by Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, With Some Ac-count of the Lecturer.

SUBCIAL REPORT FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAPH. The fourth lecture in the present course before the Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Philadelphia, was de-

livered at National Hall, last evening, by Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, a colored lady of more than ordinary oratorical powers. In this con-

Sketch of Mrs. Harper may not be uninteresting. Her early life, under the name of Frances Ellen Watkins, was passed in Baltimore, where she was born in 1825. Her mother was born a slave, but through the exertions of her grandmother her freedom was purchased, and Miss Watkins was, therefore, free from birth. She remained at school in her pative city until she was fourteen years of age, and subsequently to that obtained her own livelihood for some years by sewing and teaching school. In the former occupation she was for some time employed by Mrs. Isaac Cruise, of Baltimore. This lady was the possessor of quite a large library, to which Miss Watkins had free access at all times. Being strictly enjoined against perusing novels, the information which she thus picked up in her lessure hours was of the most solid and desirable cour-

acter. Her experience as a school teacher was

quite extensive, and this calling she tollowed at

times in Baltimore and the neighboring coun-

try for some years. Miss Watkins was early given to poetizing, some of the productions of her muse—of which a specimen, entitled "An Appeal to the American People," is printed elsewhere in our issue of to-day-exhibiting more than ordinary depth of thought and fervor of expression. early poems she usually composed while busy with needle and thread. While on a visit to New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1854, she recited some of her poems to her triends, who were so deeply impressed with their merit that she was invited by them to appear before the public as a lecturer. Just previous to this she had be-come strongly imbued with a desire to con-tribute, in some measure, to the enlight-enment and social elevation of the outlawed race to which she belonged. This ambition sprung from the recital in her presence of story which in those days was as common as it was disgraceful to the community by which is was tolerated. A free colored man had moved into the State of Maryland, and in pursuauce of the law then and there in vogue, he was for this dire offense selzed by the authorities and sold into slavery. Being afterwards taken to Macon, Georgia, he there made his escape, but only to be recaptured and returned to a bondage from which he was soon after released by death. From the time that Miss Watkins listened to this oft-repeated tale, she resolved to devote all her time and energies to the welfare of her kindred race. So she was nothing loth to an pear upon the platform, and delivered her first in New Bedford in 1854, from which time forth, for six years, she continued upon the stage, restricting ber labors principally to the New England States. For a time, however, she acted as an agent of the Anti-Slavery Society in this State.

in November, 1860, Miss Watkins was married in Cincinnati to Mr. Fenton Harper, a free colored man, from Loudon county, Virginia, Her married life was passed on a farm in the neighborhood of Columbus, Ohio. During this sime she seldom appeared in public as a lec-

Mr. Harper died in May, 1864, and in October. 1865, Mrs. Harper resamed her former catting, which she has steadily pursued up to the present time. New England was again her favorite field, but she has likewise spoken in many of the other States, and, during the present winter, has passed some time in Kentucky and Tennessee, addressing the people, white and black, whenever and wherever she could get a chance. On the 24th of last month she spoke at a meeting in the Capitol, at Nashville, Tennessee, her oratory even receiving praise from the semi-Rebel sheets which still flourish there, although her politics were denounced as abominable and as tending to create a hatred between the races, deeper than that which at present exists. Last evening was the occasion of her third appearance before a Philadelphia audience.

We have given this lengthy sketch of Mrs. Harper's career, because she is a living and present proof of the fact that the colored race is not hopelessly depraved and benighted. In person she is rather small, and of preposessing appearance, with vivacious manners and an en thusiastic bearing that impresses all who listen to her, either in public or in private, with her thorough earnestness and sincerity. The merits of the lecture which we give below will speak for themselves. She was introduced last evening to the audience by the following

Remarks by Rev. Mr. Lynch,

Ladies and Gentlemen:-You are assembled to listen to one of the most cultivated daughters of the persecuted race, who has plead their cause for more than twelve years, in poetry, in thrilling eloquence, and in logic, from the platform. Additional interest may be expected in this lecture to-night, as she is recently from South, where she lectured to the delight and instruction of the loyal whites and blacks; and, judging from the encomiums of semi-Rebel Andrew Johnson journals, we have discovered that she possesses a power that we have not before known—that of enchanting a certain kird of serpent called Copperheads. I now have the honor of introducing to you Mrs. Frances Ellen Watkins Harper. (Applause.)

Address of Mrs. F. E. W. Harper. Reform has her seed-time and her harvest, her night of trial and endeavor, as well as her day of success and victory. But before her ears greeted with the shouts of triumph, they are bailed with the hisses of malice and the threats of revenge; but as amid the darkness and the cold, nature spreads her dews and carries on the work, so amid the darkness, cold, and pain the spirit of reform carries on her work of pro-gress, and sows in tears the harvest she is to reap in joy. Men tread with bleeding feet their paths, and from the soil covered with the ashes of martyrs and grenched with the blood of heroes, has sprung up a new growth of charac-

ter and civilization. Now in the question of dynamics, or the application of force to any end, it is necessary to know the amount of resistance to be met, and the power which is needed to overcome that resistance. For instance, a man who would wish his locomotive to go fifty miles an hour would not be acting very wisely if he only put on steam enough to carry it ten miles an hour; and the same remark would apply to the man who would wish a large water-wheel turned by little rills, and would supply fifty gallons of water where a thousand were needed. This man yould not be acting wisely in these particulars. He would be tailing to take the right means to gain the desired end.

Now, in the moral and political world, as well as in the physical, there are resistances to be met and obstacles to be overcome in carrying out the aim of true civilization, which is the social advancement and the individual development of the human race. And if we look through the history of the past, we will find through the history of the past, we will find that there has been an old struggle going on for ages—a struggle of the oppressed against the soppressor—a battle which has been fought under different names, and continued under different auspices, but which is still the continuation of the old struggle.

In one age it has assumed the form of a conflict between the lowest of the roughs and the

flict between the lowest of the people and the hierarchy; still again, against the despotisms which shaekled the human intellect and put fetters non the human conscience. In another age it has been a struggle between freedom on one side and slavery on the other. Slavery, not

content with naving simply a battle of ideas, resorted to the arbitrament of the sword, and the sword decided against it, and slavery went down in tears, and wrath, and blood—went down amid the rejoicing of men and women

down amid the rejoicing of men and women who had burst their chains.

Now slavery, as an institution, has been overthrown, but slavery, as an idea, still lives in the American Republic, and the problem and the duty of the present hour is this:—Whether there is strength enough, wisdom enough, and virtue enough in our American nation to lift it out of trouble; whether by its legislation and jurisprudence these distinctions between man and man, on account of his race, color, or descent, shall cease. Last year, my triends, I spoke of the nation's great opportunity. I still think we have one of the greatest opportunities, one of the sublimest chances that God ever put into the hands of a nation or people. the bands of a nation or people.

But it is not in opportunities presented, but in opportunities accepted, that the very pith and the core of our national existence lies. What we need, my friends, in this country, is all the energy, all the wisdom of the nation to reconstruct this Government that it will render another such war impossible. There is comething wonderful, my friends, in the power of an idea. And what to-day is the watchword of the present hour? It is the brotherhood of man smid the din and strike of battle, amid the conflict of the present age; and yet it is an idea which has been struggling through the centu-ries, baptized in blood and drenched in tears.

To-day the tendency of the spirit of the age is towards a higher form of republicanism and a purer type of democracy, and yet this idea has been struggling for ages. I look away back on the pages of history, and hear it preached by Him who made it, in His death, the sublime lesson of His life eighteen hundred years ago.

Proud and imperial Rome stood crowned and sceptred amid her seven hills, apparently the strongest power in the world. At the same time, in a manger lay a child whose work of reform was destined to live when the proud empire should be laid away amid the dead kingdoms. This idea, my triends, met with opposition, just the same as this idea of equal rights meets with opposition to-day. This man held up the single idea taught by Jesus Christ, with His grant enthusiasm for humanity, and it was met with opposition from every distinct

And yet this reform, meeting with all this opposition, lived on until it became the pro-lessed faith of the most enlightened and progressive nation on earth. The men who martyred Jesus Christ now sleep in forgotten graves. He lives and shines in the hearts of ail who accept Him as the true and living Christ, The crown of thorns has changed to a diadem or glory, and the cross has become a power and ensign of victory. The Protestant Reformation sprang from the

same spirit, and still lights its way against the ign/rance and superstition of ages. It lived on until the Inquisition ceased to claim its victims until the outo-de-fe no longer lit its fires, until Protestant kings sat upon the very thrones from which the emits against the children of Re-

formation had gone forth. Men then grappled with agony and death, so that they could secure the rights which we this We are carrying on the cause, but we have only got through one part of the strug-gle; the reform we are now carrying on, we may feel assured, notwithstanding all the opposition, notwithstanding all the obstacles in its way, with truth and justice clasping hands, shall yet

Oh, my friends, the work goes bravely on! I look back seven years ago, and see this nation apparently in a prosperous career, with slavery bound to her with a four-fold cord. In your commercial interests, men said, virtually, Let us make money, though we coin it from blood and extract it from tears. Here were ecclesiastical interests, the same from Maine to California; here were our political parties clasping hands North and South; and yet they were all snapped asunder, simply because they lacked the cohesion of justice, (Cheers.) Now to-night the question arises, What shall be done? How shall we serve the interest of freedom so that this nation shall be wise enough to know its citizens, and knowing them shall be strong enough to

protect them? One thing that this nation has been doing, is throwing away an element of strength. colored man, as a laboring force, as a political force, and even as a moral force, in this country is an element of strength or of weakness. As a passive force he is an element of weakness; that is, he weakens the country when he is pressed down in the scale of life, when he is wronged and robbed. But justice will certainly take sides with this people who have been pressed down in the scale of life-a people who are struggling for a higher and purer state of existence. Now, I hold that the colored man is capable of being an element of strength to the American nation.

I have lately been down amid the cabins and humble homes of Tennessee; fand—would you believe it, my friends? some of the most reautiful lessons of faith and trust that I have ever learned, which could never have been learned in the proudest temples of wealth or fashion, I have learned in these lowly homes and cabins of Tennessee. There may be some people who think within themselves that it is a little strange Andrew Johnson, after having promised the colored people that he would be their Moses, should turn around, and instead of helping them to freedom, should clasp hands with the Rebels and traitors of the country, (Cheers.)
My friends, since I have come from Tennes-

see, I am not surprised at the position that Andrew Johnson takes. Do you know why it was that David was not permitted to build the temple of the Lord? Because his hands were not clean; he was a man unfit for the work. And so, when I have gone among some of the people of Tennessee, who have breathed their words of faith and trust, I see in Andrew Johnson a msn whose hands are not clean enough to touch the hems of their garments.

Do you ask me to-night what are the colored people doing in Tennessee? They are doing just exactly what Mr. Lincoln said the colored man might be required to do in this country. They are helping to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of nations. And how are they doing it? I have heard, my friends, of seris to whom broader and higher freedom came, and they did not know how to appreciate it, and offered to go back again into seridom.

I have been in humble homes where poverty

has been staring them in the face, and said to them, Would you not rather go back again into slavery? And such an answer as this has come up:—'I would rather live in a corn-crib," I remember, some few years ago, I met in Louis-ville. Kentucky, a woman who lived in a room which looked as though it might have been a stable converted into a dwelling. I said to her:-"If your master would take good care of y would you not rather be back again?" woman, with eyes filled with indignation, for she did not know that I loved freedom so well that I liked to hear its praise from the humblest lips, said to me: "Don't you wish to be free and stamp your foot in Jubilee? God bless the poverty that brings me that privilege." (Ap-

There is one thing that has impressed me more forcibly, perhaps, than anything else about the inner life of these people who have lately come up to freedom, and that is their faith and trust in God. I met a mother there who had lost her child. But here was a mother looking over the track of distant years. did she feel, as a mother who has given her child up to death, saying:-

That innocent is mine:

1 cannot spare him from my arms,
To lay him, Death, in thine.

"I am a mother dear: I gave that saring birth; I cannot bear its life ess limbs Should moulder in the earth.'

when her child was taken from her, and when she felt the distance increasing between them, and knew that she could not meet it till she met

it in another world.

Oh, when I look at this beautiful faith and trust, when I see them, too, in their humble homes, and ask them what has sustained them, what has kept them up in these dark and gloomy years?—the almost invariable answer that comes to me is:—"The power of God!"

I met with a woman in Tennessee who had

been the mother, I think she said, of five children. All were absent from her except one. I don't know that she could say in what part of the world her children were. She prayed for them, and said, "I only see them in my dreams." This was a woman upon whose heart the shadow of slavery still hung black and heavy. Her husband heard that his children wanted to see him, and he started to go to them; and then word came to this mother and wife that her husband was dead.

Before he started he had contracted a debt of twenty five dollars. When the news came to the mother of his death, what did that woman She went and paid off the obligation, by working at nine dollars a week, and living in a house where she was charged five dollars a month. Look at the dignity of soul in that woman! Her husband dead, no one could have forced her to pay that debt; yet with such a keen sense of honor and dignity of soul, she takes up the obligation, and pays it off. Interested friends, let me tell you Andrew Johnson's hands were not clean enough to clasp that woman's hands, to be her Moses, and lead her

When I see this faith and trust, it is beautiful. But there is another feature of life among this people which might impress you just as santly, and that is the tender humanity displayed among them. I have gone into the little cabins, where the light of the sun came through a single window without a pane of glass, and yet, in that humble home, they were taking the children and sending them to school, and it is a thing you will often see in many of these little homes. This people, that have gone through this weary night of suffering, have come out of it with a tender humanity, clasping in their arms poor little orphan walls, giving them shelter, school-ing, and a home. (Cheers)

And then there is another feature, and that is their greediness for knowledge. A few weeks since I was in Louisville, Kentucky. They had just opened a school for colored people, charging twenty-five cents a month, I believe. The people were so eager that their children should have schooling, that by half past nine o'clock it was necessary for the Super ntendent to lock the door, because they were overcrowded with appli-cants, and many of the parents went away in tears because their children could not enter the school. This greediness for knowledge on the part of the colored man is an element of hope and of future strength in this Government,

The ancients had an idea that there was a giant chained under Mount Eina, and that the eruptions of the mountain were caused by his turning over. So when I go down South, and see and hear of their eagerness for knowledge, I see the rising brain of the colored man, and hope, my triends, that if any of the enemies of inmanity shall attempt to build any system of despotism with an idea to the disfranchising a race-naking it in the name of freedom, and torturing it with the essence of slavery—that the rising brain of the colored man will be evoked, and quell the despotism at the start.

In treating this question, I tamk of the legend of ancient Rome, of the chasm that yawned there, and of which the sorcerers predicted that whosoever should bring the most precious gift should be the means of closing it and of saving the city. Cassius, thinking that he himself was the most precious gift, leaced into its yawning aws. The legend has been repeated in part in this country. Slavery has made a chasm in our American republic. It has made you two people in the midst of one nation -a people for freedom and a people for slavery-a people for knowledge and a people for ignorance! And what have you tried to do? You have been trying to bridge it ever by compromise, until the history of American pointies is the history of compromise and concessions, from the hour that Jeorgia and South Carolina demanded the slave trade, down to the last Constitutional amendment.

Slevery wanted more room, and you gave it land enough for an empire. It wanted the power to hunt the trembling fugitive, and the Fugitive Slave bill was passed, and the tremding victim was thrown into the chasm. it yawned, and slavery was not satisfied. For itself it wanted a white man's government, and you made a trial of a white man's government in this country for four years, and the prayers of the freedmen are ascending that we may never have another such a government as long as the world may stand. (Applause.) You threw into this chie m a few million lives, warm with the rich blood of your patriots. You threw into it the life of your loving, honored curef-Abrabam Lincoln. (Applause.) And yet to-night the chasm yawns. You are still two peoples in the midst of one nation.

Would you close over this chasm? Do not

try any more compromise or concession; might as well try to bridge with egg-shells the Potomac river. What you need to-night is to take the shackle from the wrist of the colored man, and to put the ballot in its stead. (Applanse) When I see the streets of New Orleans and Memphis red with the blood of unexplated murders, and I hear of that miserable Recorder counselling them to burn and hang the nigger, I ask that the colored man should have that much power in his hands, to turn all such men out of office. (Applause.)
Lock at New Orleans. Whose fault was it?

You should ask that of Andrew Johnson. Let me tell you Andrew Johnson is not the most guilty man in this republic. I don't know but that we have needed him. I have, in the course of my life, had to put a mustard plaster on my-Now, I don't like a mustard-plaster, and yet I would rather suffer an hour with it than suffer a pain in my chest for a week. I don't know but what we have needed Andrew Johnson in this country as a great national mustardplaster, to spread himself all over this nation, so that he might bring to the surface the poison of slavery which still lingers in the body policic. But when you have done with the mustard-plaster, what do you do with it? Do you hug it your bosom, and say it is such a precious thing that you cannot put it away? Rather, when you have done with it, you throw it

Now, my friends, why do you not do the same with Audrew Johnson, and impeach him (applause), and bring him before the bar of the nation, and prove to the world that this American nation is so strong, and so powerful, and so wise, that the humblest servant beneath its care, or the strongest, is not to behave without

its restraint. I was in Boston a few days since, and I heard gentleman speaking of an accident that had happened. It was of an engineer who was insare. I suppose that the people did not know that he was insane. He got on the locomotive, and he imagined that he was going to the moon. He was not swinging around the circle, but was going to the moon, and he was dushing away wildly. Death was of no moment to him; he was going to the moon. Now what did the people do? Did the people stop to ask his triends abost him, or try him a little longer until he had done some mischief? No, no; the case was too in minent for that. A student picked up a block of wood to try and dash him off. So to-day Andrew Johnson stands at the head of the Government, a man who is striking hands with the Rebels of the South. Is there not in this pation, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, a hand strong enough and earnest enough to throw at him the billet of impeachment, and let

him go home to Tennessee to rust out the re-mainder of his life? (Applause.)

I den't, my friends, berate him because he may have swung around the circle from the sea-board to the Mississippi, although, as far as that s concerned, it reminds me that the colored man has the advantage of him there. I remember when I was a girl how the colored man used to be burlesqued in popular songs. One of those songs ran thus:-

"If I was President of the United States.
I would lick molasses candy and swing upon the gates."

That might have been a burlesque upon the colored people; but, my friends, I have lived to see the time when the President, though he don't swing upon the gates, does swing around the circle, and though he does not lick molasses candy. candy, takes something that is a great deal

stronger. (Sensation.)

Now, this reform must be carried on as others are, sgainst opposition and persecution.
This cause has already passed through part of
the time of persecution. It is a different thing
to-day from what it was when William Lloyd

Garrison threw his words like burning coals upon the nation's heart. Since then the ideas that originated in the Boston garret bave become a mighty building, bearing upon its become a mighty building, bearing upon its become hundreds of millions of men, women, and children, translating them from the oligarchy of slavery to the commonwealth of freedom. Still the work needs courage to-day.

There is a small matter of prejudice that I

want to take up—that against color in particular—and I am coming right home to Philadel phia, and not intending to spend my ammunition on the Rebels, who are so many thousand miles away. But I am to talk to those who clasp hands with Rebels in the city of Philadelphia, and I am not going to bathe my lips in honey when I speak. Two weeks last Saturday night I was in Louisville, Kentucky. I came on from Nashville, had a little business down the street, and I got into the city cars; and I found that there is no difference there in Kentucky as to the people's riding in the cars; Kentucky had just burst from her chains, yet she was ahead of Philadelphia in that.

I went into the house and picked up a Phila-delphia paper—a *Ohristian Recorder*. What did I read? There I read that a woman had been kicked out of the cars in the streets of this city. What had she done? Simply claimed her right to trave!, and had been brutally kicked in these streets. Where was she kicked? Let me tell streets. Where was she kicked? Let me tell you. Did you see that man with a surplice, chanting his solemn litany? That man is an Episcopalian minister, and that brutal man kicked her in his presence.

Do you see that man with a simple ritual? He is a Presbyterian. I don't think there is a Church in the world to whom civil liberty owes more than to the Presbyterian Church. came out and preserved civil liberty in the wilds of Scotland, and this man kicked this woman in h's presence.

Do you see that man who has just been cele-John Wesley is the St. Paul? That man is a Methodist, and he kicked her in his presence. Do you see that lady and gentleman, in plain garb? They, too, have a grand memory, reaching away back to William Penn, who came here to Pennsylvania, and taught the world how to Pennsylvania, and taught the world ace and justice could clasp bands; and Mary Dyer, who gave up her lite on Boston Common, and who died for a principle. (Cheers.) He is a Friend, and that woman was kicked in his presence.

Do you see that man, upon another plain, who knows it is better to have the peace of Christ than to quarrel about Christianity? He is a Unitarian; kicked in his presence also, you see that man, who believes in God and brotherhood of the human race, and that He will ultimately clasp us all in a living embrace? That man kicked her in the presence of tnewhole popular Church of Philadelphia, and I ask them have they done their duty on this subject?

I pick up the papers, and I hear a great deal said about the running of the cars on Sunday, The day is sacred in Philadeiphia, but man is Where did he kick this woman? In the very streets over which colored men marched to the iront, taithful to the country when others were faithless (applause)-who were rallying around the flag when Revels were trampling i under feet; true to the country when she wanted a friend. Witness, now, that the sisters and mothers of these mea can be kicked from the cars in our popular thorough ares. (Applause.)

Friends, when that man kicked that woman, he kicked me. He kicked my child, and he kicked the wife and child of every colored man. in Philadelphia. He kicked the wife, sister, and child of every colored man who went out to battle and to lay down his life for his country; and I am here to-night to protest against it.

(Applause.)
Last summer I was here; it may have been the fourth of July; it does not matter, though. I was going up the street with my child, nearly was going up the street with my child, nearly was going up the street with my child, nearly was going up the street with my child, nearly was going up the street with my child, nearly was going up the street with my child, nearly was going up the street with my child, nearly was going up the street with my child, nearly was going up the street with my child, nearly was nearly tween five and six years of age. My friend Mr. Still was with me. He, living on Fifth street. thought the grivers would know him, and wait I did not ask these drivers to take me in; I shall faint upon your paved streets before I ask such a layer. Do you think they would stop for us? Oh, no! They swept by us as if we were paupers.

The next day my child came to me and said: "I know why we can't rife in the cars; because we are colored!" No women feel this deprivation so keen'y as we do, and when my orphan child came home and told me that she had read to-night, poor, ignorant, and trodden under foot as our people are, I would not change souls with the richest and proudest stockholder in Philadelphia. I would not charge souls with a man who repreaches his God by despising His poor! (Applause.) Again, my triends, I do not (cel that the colored people need despair;

we only take our turn in the suffering world.
I do not demand social equality; I do not denand that you shall take us into your pariors. and make us companions of your wives and daughters, if they have no liking for us. All I ask is that you take your prejudices out of the way and give the colored man a chance to grow; give him a chance at the ballot-box. Why this idea of social equality? I don't know of any colored man that demands it. After all, this thing depends upon social affinities, customs wealth, and habit, and in some cases on shoddy and pretroleum. But there is a dread of blood

degeneration. Somehow I do not think I should like to stand before the world, with pale lips, dreading the bugbear of social equality; afraid of giving the colored man a chance, for fear that he might somehow outstrip me in the race of life. (Applause.) If I was in his place I would say, "I will give him all the chance I can; I will not press him down in the scale of life." I should icel that I was superior, because of a superior teaching. Look at slavery; has it not robbed us of our wives, children, and husbands; robbed us of our very complexion, and put some of the meanest kind of white blood in our veins? (Cheers,) And we have lived through it all, and come out of the war the very best characters down South. If we don't complain about what right has anybody else to do so (Cheere.)

O (riends! if there is any danger, you make your President and Congressmen; you make your own laws; it any man feels that the case is urgent, let him go before the Legislature and say to them:—"Honorable Sirs—We have a deep concern on our minds; it haunts us by day and comes over our dreams by night. We are so afraid that some colored man's uncle's aunt will marry some white man's cousin's aunt, and we want you to put a law upon the statute books that no white man skall marry a black woman unless be wants to." (Great laughter.) I think that they must necessarily be guided by their wishes. Some men have no other wants than those which are low and grovelling; they are like the men to whom the grassnopper is a burden; they are afraid of that which is high.

Justice is high, and liberty is high, and equal rights are high; and these men are afraid of that which is high, and putting their ears to the ground they hear the advancing tread of the negro, and would retard his coming. (Cheers, Why you have a paper in this city called the Age. The better name for it would be to call it Behind the Age. Last spring it had a call for a Democratic meeting, and in the call it included all those who voted for a white man's Governnent. I have been taught that power of gravity gravitates in the strongest hands. What possibility is there that we should get to the head of the Government, or that the white race should stand trembling before us, or that right thousand persons are going to get the upper hand of the nation?

He has dropped the rags of the plantation and put on the uniform of the nation. In the Dis-arict of Columbia he has exchanged the fetters on his wrists for the ballot in his right hand. Mr. Johnson did not admire that very much, so he gave us a veto; he paid us a compliment. somehow, by supposing that we would come into the District for the purpose of giving a vote. If it is such a privilege to an American citizen, he will go where he can have the rights of

oltizen. The colored mun is taxed in this country, he is drafted in war; and yet to-night I live in an American republic; I am a taxpayer. The Government may increase its taxes until it runs down every seam and fold of my dress, may tax the very bread I break to my orphan child; but it brings me back a rich compensation

when it makes my child free in South Carolina, in Tennessee, and Alabama, and even in this city of Philadelphia when I want to ride in Friends, this is the nation's hour for every

your cars. heart and hand to build on justice as a rock, to trust in the truth, and never yield. With truth and justice classing hands, we yet shall win the

SKATING PARKS.

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All persons on skates allowed on the ice.
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F. M. Caldwell,
A. Filler,
C. Koons.
NOTE.—Never finer ice skated on than the ice of vesterday. Our planes overcome warm weather. 115

"S KATING, MUSIC, AND FUN."
There is Skating THIS AFTERNOON and EVENING, at the KEYSTONE PARK THIRD and MUSIC in attendance. It

AMUSEMENTS.

[For additional Amusements see Third Page.] THE PRETTIEST SIGHT EVER WITNESSED in this city was at the LILL MATINEE, DACK AND GILL MATINEE, on Saturday last at the ABCH.
SECOND JACK AND GILL MATINFE, SATURDAY February 2, at 2% o'clock.
It TAKE THE LITTLE FOLKS.

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A MMONIATED PHOSPHATE, AN UNSURPASSED FERTILIZER

For Wheat, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Grass, the Vegetable, Garden, Fruit Trees, Grape

Vines, Etc. Etc. This Fertilizer comains Ground Bone and the best Fertilizing Salts. Frice a60 per ton of 2000 pounds. For sale by the manuscturers, WILLIAM ELLIS & CO., CHEMISTS,

BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME

No. 724 MARKET Street.

The great Fertilizer for all crops. Quick in its actio and permanent in its effects. Established over twelv Lealers supplied by the cargo, direct from the whar the manufactured only by DALICH & CONS BAUGH & SONS,

Office No. 20 South DELAWARE Avenue Philadelphia 9.46mm

COPARTNERSHIPS.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE THIS DAY THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE THIS DAY
entered into Copartnership unser the firm of
HARDING & WHITF, for the transaction of the Whole
sale Grocery Busicess, at Nos. 29 and 31 South FRONT
Street and Nos. 28 and 31 South WAILER Street
ALEXANDER HARDING,
Philade: phia, January 22, 1867.

1 23 12t

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT-TWO LARGE AND WELL FOR RENT-IWO Lighted Rooms 25 by 80 icet; also, some smaller Rooms at No 724 CHESNUT Street. 1 28 ft

LOST.

L OST-IN A CHESNUT STREET CAR, A finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it with the Cashler at THIS OFFICE.

PICTURES

AT EARLES' GALLERIES,

No. 816 CHESNUT Street.

JAMES S. EARLE & SONS Have on FREE EXHIBITION for a short time. Paul Weber's Greatest Work, "An American

Forest." Marshall's Portrait of Lincoln. Mr. E. D. Lewis' New sicture, "Harper's Ferry After the War."

Bierstadt's \$20,000 "Yc-Semite Valley." New Productions of W. T. Richards, Hamilton, NEW EUPOPEAN PAINTINGS.

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.

EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE BARGAINS.

To clo the estate or the late

JOHN A. MURPHEY. Importer and Dealer in

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No. 922 CHESNUT STREET. Between Ninth and Tenth, South Side, Phila. His administrators now offer the whole stock at prices

His administrators now offer the whole stock at prices below the orchisty rates charged. This stock entraces every thing wanted in a well-idered household:—Plain Tin Ware. Brushes, Wooden Ware, Baskets, Plated Ware Cutlery, Iron Ware Japanned Wale, and Cooking Utens's of every description.

A great variety of SHAR & R GOODS, BIRD-CAGES, etc. etc., can be obtained on the most leasonable terms GEAUINE ARCTIC REFRIGERATORS and WATER COOLERS. COOLERS
A fine assortment of PAPIER MACHE GOODS.
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This is the largest retail establishment in this line in Philadelphia, and citizens and strangers will find it to their advantage to examine our stock before purchasing.
Note—Our triends in the country may order by mail, and prompt attention will be given.

**Comparison of the country of th

DREER & SEARS REMOVED TO No. 412
PRUNE Street.—DREER & SEARS, formerly of
Goldsmith's Hall, LISRARY "treet, have removed to
Ao. 412 PRUNE Street, between Fourth and Fifth
streets, where they will continue their hadmactory of
Gold Chains, Bracelets, etc., in every variets. Also the
sale of fine Gold, Silver, and Copper. Old Gold and
Sliver bought.
January 1, 1867

UNITED STATES REVENUE STAMPS.—
Principal Depot, No. 304 CHESNUT Street.
Central Depot, No. 163 S. F1 TH Street one door below
Chosnut. Established 1882.

Revenue Stamps of every description constantly on band in any amount.
Orders by Mail or Express promptly attended to. United States & tee. Draits on Philadelphia or New York, or current tunds received in payment.
Particular attention paid to small orders.
The decisions of the commission can be consulted, and any information regarding the law chearfully given

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WAAB'S

STATES UNION CLOTHING HALL.

No. 606 MARKET STREET. No. 606 A most complete stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

AT VERY MODERATE PRICES.

WE HAVE SMALL EXPENSES, AND CAN AFFORD TO SELL WITH SMALL PROFITS. Fine Eskimo Feaver Overcoats, only \$26; fine Beaver Overcoats, any desirable color, \$22; frosted Beaver Overcoats, \$26; very fine Chinchila Overcoats, only \$27; frosted Beaver Suits, contaming coat, pants, and vest, \$30; fine short Eeaver Eacks, from \$10 to \$24; dark grey Barris Cassimore Suits, coat, pants, and vest, \$12; do. slik mixed, only \$24; black Back Cossa, from \$10 to \$29; Businers Coats, from \$7 to \$14; Pants and Vests to match, from \$7 to \$14; Boys' Ceats, from \$6 to \$14; Fants from \$1 to \$15 to \$9.

Come and convince yourselves.

11 14 3m 8p

FURNITURE, BEDDING, ETC. THE FURNITURE

COULD & CO.'S FURNITURE DEPOTS.

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Is the Largest, Cheapest, and Best Stock in the World! Fashion, style, durability, finish, and chespness all ombined in their immense variety of CIFF-MADE

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Phave a large stock of every variety of FURNITURE

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Which I will seil at reduces prices, consisting of—
PLAIN AND MARBLE TOP COTTAGE TUITS
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PARLOR BUITS PR REPS.
Sideboards, Extension Tables, Wardrobes, toolcases.
Mattresses, Lounges, etc.
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PANCOAST & WARNOCK AUCTIONEERS, No. 240 MARKET Street. B. SCOTT. JR., AUCTIONEER,

LEGAL NOTICES. NTHE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY
AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.
Estate of PATRICK MONALLY, deceased.
The Auditor appointed to audit, settle, and adjus the account of JOHN McMENAMIN and JAMES MURRAY, executors of the estate of PATRICK MCNALLY, deceased, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the occountants, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment on 1 UESDAY, February 12, 1867, at 4 o'clock P. M. a his office, No. 139 S. Fir fill street, in the City of Philadelphia.

2 limw51*

WILLIAM A. HUSBAND,
Auditor.

NTHE URPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PBILADELPHIA, Estate of PAThick accounted the said secedent has filed her petition, with appraisement or property selected to be retained under the act of April 14 185 and Supplements, and the same will be approved by the Court on SATUEDAY, February 16, 1867, at 10 o'clock. M., unless exceptions be filed thereto.

JOHN A. CLARK, 21 ftu 4t*

Attorney for Petitioner.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.
CHRISTIANA FINNEY'S ESTATE. TRUST ESTATE
OF THOMAS NEILL.

OF THOMAS NEILL.

The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle and adjust the final account to GEORGE B REESE trustee under the will of CHRISTIANA FINNEY decessed, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties is terested for the purpose of his appointment, on TUES DAY, February 5, 1887, at 4 o'clock P M., at his office No. 717 WALNUT Street in the City of Fhiladelphia 1 251mw50.

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The Fidelity Insurance, Trust and Saf Deposit Company, for the Safe Keeping of Bonds, Stocks, and

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Office in the Fire-proof Building of the Philadelph
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This tompany receives on deposit, and GUARAA
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This Company is authorized to receive and executorists of every description.
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"SANCTUARY," and "CHALLENGE," \$4.00 each. Very fine. MONARCH OF THE GLEN, \$10.

PIPER, NUT-CRACKERS, and others, at th lowest and most moderate prices.

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